

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1807.

[NUMBER XXVII.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

*JOHN ANDREW GORDIER.*

THIS respectable and wealthy young man, was born at Jersey, in the early part of the eighteenth century, of innocent life and correct manners.

Having been attached for several years to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, in the island of Guernsey, he had surmounted those difficulties which always increase and strengthen the passion of love, and the day for leading his mistress to the altar at length was fixed.

After giving the necessary directions for the reception of his intended wife at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, he sailed for Guernsey.

The impatience of love, on such an occasion, need not be described; hours were years, and a few leagues ten thousand miles. The land of promise at length appears; he leaps on the beach, and without waiting for refreshment, or his servant and baggage, sets out, alone and on foot for that house which he had so often visited.

The servant, who quickly followed, was surprised at being informed, that his master had not yet arrived: having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the poignancy of their feelings and the circumstances of the case: messengers were sent, at the dawn of day, to examine and inquire in different quarters, without success.

After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate Gordier, was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance appeared on which to ground a suspicion, or even to hazard conjecture, concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder. The regret of both families, for a good young man, thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery in which it was enveloped; the anguish of the young lady, was not of a species which relieves itself by external effusion, and loud lamentation; she never shed a tear, "but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought."

Her virtues and her beauty having excited general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant of the island, to become her suitor; in hope that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from the lamented catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and strong declarations, that she never would marry Galliard, he was occasionally admitted; but the unhappy woman found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy, which she always felt whenever he approached.

Such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome

visits, frequently endavouring, but in vain, to prevail on the unfortunate lady to accept a present from his hands.

It was remarked by her friends, that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused; adding with a correctness of sentiment, and propriety of conduct, not always observed by women on such occasions, that it was base, dishonourable, and mean, to receive favours from a man whose hand she would never accept.

But Galliard, by earnestness, assiduity, and *by exciting pity*, the common resource of artful men, had won over the mother to second his wishes; in her desire to forward his suit, she had, during the night, fixed the trinket in question, to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her upon pain of maternal displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted love.

The health of the fair mourner had been considerably impaired by her sufferings, and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her with the tenderest affection, crossed the sea to visit her, to offer her every consolation in her power, and what in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with her's.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, called forth a thousand melancholy ideas in her mind; she recounted many little incidents, which lovers only consider as important, to the old lady, who fondly enquired into,

*From the Emerald.*

The following story is taken from the page of the grave Nicholas Michivael. To have given the whole verbatim, would have rendered it too voluminous for a weekly paper....a skeleton is therefore preserved. Whatever the Ladies may think of the sentiments, it ought to administer some consolation that the author could find no solid objections against Matrimony, except amongst Devils, which few Bachelors will allow to be a case parallel with their own.

PLUTO, alarmed at the unusual influx of souls into his dominions, and fearing that his empire would not afford room for many more lodgers, summoned a grand council, consisting of all the dukes, viscounts, marquises, earls and baronets of his realm, to ascertain the cause of the evil, and devise ways and means for its prevention. After having in a speech from his throne communicated his gracious intentions, it was secretly suggested by sundry new comers, that matrimony was the cause of their infernal embarkation. A committee was appointed to make practical experiment of the truth of this fact, and to make report to his infernal highness accordingly. The chairman of this committee, by the name of *Belphegor*, was unanimously appointed to that hazardous office; his secret instructions were, that he should repair to earth, take to his bosom a wife, and live with her if possible, seven years. At the end of that period, he was commanded to return to the place of his last legal settlement, and to make affidavit of the truth or falsehood of such report. All the furniture, tackle and apparel necessary to equip him for so dangerous a voyage, were to be defrayed by bills drawn on the treasury of his infernal majesty, and a specific sum was appropriated for that purpose. Now *Belphegor* was one of the most shrewd and intelligent devils in the whole dominions of Pluto; yet he felt his own incompetency so sensibly, that nothing but the imperial ukase itself, that admitted of no alternative, compelled him to embark.

With a sorrowful heart he enters on his expedition, is allowed a competent number of devils to attend him in the character of servants, and arrives on the shores of Florence, in the capacity of a beau of the first water. Here to avoid suspicion, conceals his name and quality, passes for a stranger with an ample fortune retired from business, who wishes to enjoy the remainder of his life in pleasure, tranquillity and matrimony. His equipage, the splendor of his intellectual and external accomplishments, and above all the fascination of his fortune, captivated the hearts of the Florentine ladies. Many ancient families, who had more nobility than opulence to boast of, displayed their feminine wares to the best advantage, and solicited the custom of the new comer. *Belphegor*, in the mean time, sensible of the object of his mission, was not hasty in his choice, but after having made a prudent estimate of the probable chance of loss and profit, and finding the balance in his favour, struck up a bargain at last. Honestia was young and of exquisite beauty, the descendant of one of the most ancient families in Florence, whose fortune was found in her personal accomplishments. Pleasure seemed now to await the beck and call of *Belphegor*, he was fascinated by the novelty of his situation, and she, while the property of her husband remained at her disposal, seemed happy in her situation. In process of time some little rubs and vexations tried the philosophy of her husband: One of the brothers of his fair innamorato was to be sent with a valuable cargo to the Levant, and try his hand at merchandize *on the credit of Belphegor*. His wife had two sisters, who were about to be united in wedlock, and as nobility without opulence is but a negative kind of a gift, expensive matrimonial establishments were furnished *on the credit of Belphegor*.—Another brother deemed it necessary to set up as a goldsmith, which he accordingly did, and the stock was furnished *on the credit of Belphegor*. The feast of St. John was to be celebrated at Flo-

rence with unusual pomp and expense; Honestia considered it as a pledge of her husband's affection to transcend all the other families in the splendor of that event, which was done *on the credit of Belphegor*.

It is now requisite to state, that all these were done *on credit*, as the sum allowed from the treasury of Pluto had been long before specifically appropriated; and that all his future bills were dishonoured. Meanwhile the bankruptcy of the two brothers, and the pressing calls of his creditors, left to the poor devil no alternative, but to mount his horse, and to make an expeditious retreat, which he did while the hounds of law followed in his ear in full cry. He applied in his distress at the cottage of a shrew'd and intelligent rustic for protection, informed him of his name, quality and mission, and promised him if he would only secure him from the claws of his creditors, that he would exhaust all his ingenuity in his behalf, which if properly improved would make his fortune splendid and independent. Mateo (for that was the name of his benefactor) accepted of those conditions, and having been employed the whole of the day in the collection of faggots for his chimney, piled them on the body of *Belphegor*. The pursuing hounds, although as sharp of sight, had not the same exquisite scent as other hounds have, and thus their vigilance was eluded. When the danger was over, Mateo claimed a performance of his promise, and *Belphegor* although a devil, had a tang of gratitude in his composition, and immediately informed his benefactor of the project which he had in contemplation to execute. I will, said he, depart forthwith and possess the daughter of some rich nobleman, and will set at defiance the arts of all the jurors but yourself. At your bidding I will be faithful; you may then command your own price. Many weeks did not elapse before the ears of Mateo were saluted with the welcome intelligence that one of the richest noblemen in all

Florence, had an only daughter possessed by a devil. The report, as it gained ground, was every hour obtaining confirmation; it was to no purpose that the Exorcists assembled, exhausted all the mummary of the church of Rome, the devil was inflexible. Mateo at length presented himself to the nobleman as a conjuror, and engaged for the sum of five hundred florins to send the devil packing. The sum was immediately paid, and our self-created conjuror, after having equipped himself with a skull, marrow bones, and other tools of his occupation, was admitted to an audience with the lady. He whispered in her ear, and conjured Belphegor, on the honour of a devil to comply with his promise. Belphegor was faithful to his engagement, and further told his benefactor, that the next object of his infernal addresses would be the daughter of Charles, then king of Naples, that he would stoutly resist all other conjurors but himself; but cautioned him against giving him any further trouble, after his second victory was obtained. This was done, and Mateo, after a douceur of five thousand ducats, had the good fortune to dispossess the royal beauty, after other conjurors had exhausted all their efforts to no purpose. Now arrives the crisis of Mateo's destiny. Belphegor, when he was exorcised for the last time, had told him that as he had formerly done him all the good, he would then do him all the injury in his power.

Poor Mateo now heard with a sorrowful heart, that the daughter of king Lewis the seventh of France, was possessed of a most obstinate devil. After every experiment had failed, report spoke louder and louder of the Florentine Exorcist, and it was not long before our adventurer received an invitation to Paris. He civilly excused himself; but this only served to render the monarch more importunate in his demands. At length he was arrested by a party of armed horsemen, dispatched for that purpose, and brought before the royal presence. In his interview with the lady, he taxed Belphegor with

perfidy and ingratitude, reminded him of his former obligations to him, and conjured him civilly to depart. The devil on the other hand, raved, stormed, swore he would not "budge an inch," and told Mateo, that he had laid this plot for the purpose of bringing him to the gallows. Mateo then cast himself at the feet of the monarch, implored his mercy, informed him that the devil exceeded the power of his art, that there were many such, as all his brother conjurors could testify. The French king not believing in the conjuror's system of diabolology, was irritated beyond all bounds, and told the prostrate suppliant, that if he did not dispossess his daughter, his head should be the forfeiture. Mateo thinking with propriety, that his head was more valuable on his shoulders than off, was resolved to use all lawful means to preserve its original value. He bethought himself of every expedient to circumvent Belphegor, and adopted the following. He caused a magnificent platform to be erected in the palace yard, on which the afflicted lady was seated, and took his station by her side. A spectacle so novel, attracted the attention of all ranks, the royal family, and all of subordinate station down to the lowest mechanic, environed the platform with their presence. At a concerted signal, a loud and tremendous burst of discordant sounds issued from drums, trumpets, fifes, kettle-drums, &c. which rent the air, and almost deafened the ears of the agitated devil. He enquired of Mateo the cause, who, with tears rolling down his hypocritical cheeks, informed him, that this announced the approach of his wife. My wife! exclaimed Belphegor—and immediately fled to his old place of residence. The report that he made, is submitted to the sagacity of the reader to find out.

#### THE PARISIAN DESSERT.

FIREWORKS now make a part of the dessert in the fashionable Parisian entertainments. They are served up in dish-

es, which appear as decorations of the table. At the proper time, fire is put to a match, which is carefully concealed, and which burns for some seconds, till, on a sudden, the table is covered with odorous fires of variegated and most beautiful colours. A thousand wheatsheaves rise to the ceiling; and the guests, whose senses of sight and smelling are at once highly gratified, are placed under a vault of resplendent sparks. The sound, odour, and splendour of this unexpected spectacle, produce equal surprise and delight, which are not disturbed by the fear of any danger; for these sparks, notwithstanding their brightness, are so innocent, that they will not injure the finest linens or gauzes. It must be admitted, that a dessert of this kind is a real drama; and that a sumptuous repast cannot be terminated in a more splendid and lively manner.

#### ANECDOTE.

IN the suite of the late princess Amelia, there was a lady of the name of Russel, who was grand daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and who, it appears, inherited, without any alloy, much of his undaunted and ready spirit.

One thirtieth of January, she was waiting, and occupied in adjusting some part of the princess's attire, just as the then Prince of Wales, the father of his present majesty, came into the room.

His Royal Highness accosted Miss Russel, rather sportingly, and said to her, "For shame, Miss Russel, why have you not been at church humbling yourself with weepings and wailings, for the sin, as on this day committed by your grandfather?"

"Sir," replied Miss Russel, "for a grand daughter of Oliver Cromwell, it is humiliation sufficient to be employed as I am, in pinning up your sister's tail."

He who cannot forgive a trespass of malice to his enemy, has never yet tasted the most sublime enjoyment of love.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

UNFORTUNATE,  
AND  
AFFECTING INSTANCE OF LOVE.

THE daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentlemen of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose: indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it or die, rather than give way to an attachment that increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret: and, to in-

duce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her; (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress) entered into conversation with her; testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her.—“Marry me!” cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: “Marry me!” and throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

.....  
ANECDOCE.

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the 14th of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow from the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, held out a purse of a hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver

this unhappy family. But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the first number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by a rope. “Courage,” cried he, “now you are safe.” By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he bro't the boat and family to shore. “Brave fellow,” exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purse to him, “here is the promised recompence.” “I shall never expose my life for money,” answered the peasant, “my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children; give the purse to this poor family, who has lost all.”

An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed that not having been accustomed to fire, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: “As a man of honour, sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms:—here are therefore, two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless:—we are therefore on equal ground, if we each swallow one: you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave.”

It is needless to add, that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

Who always loses, the more he is known, must, undoubt'dly, be very poor.

A LADY having sent a very costly silk gown to be dyed, the dyer very politely carried it home himself, that he might be certain of its being conveyed with care. It so happened that the lady's husband opened the door to him, and being a very proud man, vexed at having condescended to open the door to a *low tradesman*, asked very angrily what he had in his hand, and whom it was for. 'Sir,' replied the man, 'it is a parcel for the lady of the house.' 'What, for my wife?' answered the gentleman, 'what can you have for my wife?' 'Sir,' rejoined the man, trembling, 'I dye for your wife.' 'My wife!' 'Yes, Sir, I dye for your wife and her two sisters.' 'You impudent dog,' exclaimed the gentleman, in a violent passion, 'do you dare to tell me so to my face. Come, some of you, (calling his servants) and kick this presumptuous and ignorant blockhead out of the house.' They were proceeding to put his commands in execution, when the lady luckily came down stairs, (hearing a noise) and not only rescued her gown from the damage it might have sustained in the scuffle, but also the poor man, who for many years had actually dyed for her whole family.

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance, that he would not have taken the lamb, had it not been for the mint sauce.

Deaths in this city during the last week. Men 19, women 17, boys 8, girls 6.—Total 50.

#### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, at Mamaroneck, by the rev. John Stanford, A. M. of N. York, John Fleetwood Marsh, Esq. to Miss Anna Maria Tuck.

#### DIED,

On Monday evening, after a long and tedious illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Thomas Bartow, aged 56 years.

#### WANTED.

*A lad of respectable connexions, as an apprentice to the Druggist and Apothecary's business, for particulars apply at this office.*

#### MILES HITCHCOCK, HAS FOR SALE AT HIS TEA STORE,

No. 36 Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-street... Imperial tea in cannisters of 2 pounds each. Ditto do. in boxes containing 7 and 14 lbs. Hyson Tea, in cannisters of 2 pounds. Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds. Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs. Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.

100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.

Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.

Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship Stores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

#### MORNING SCHOOL.

M. NASH.

*RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he proposes to undertake a Morning school for the instruction of young ladies only, in Arithmetic, Penmanship, and Geography. To be under his particular care. The school will commence as soon as application is made for six scholars. Inquire at No. 7. Peck slip.*

N. B. The day school will continue as hitherto, under the care and instruction of Mr. Fitch, and Mrs. Nash, as formerly, will instruct young ladies in Needle-work, &c. May 2. 3w.

#### Just Received,

*A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented*

*O S S.*

*Of the newest fashion, for sale by*

*N. S M I T H,*

*CHYMICAL PERFUMER,*

*From London,*

*At the New-York Hair Powder*

*and perfume Manufactory, the*

*ROSE, No 114, opposite the*

*City Hotel, Broadway. Also,*

*SMITH'S.*

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s. per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

H's circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and so pomatum 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

H's improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for white-

ning and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving... with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 6s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.

violet double scented do. 1s. 6d. do.

beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatum 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, & leaves roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again.

March 21.

#### CULLENIAN MEDICINE STORE.

The public are respectfully informed there will be constantly for sale at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, near the New slip, New York, a fresh assortment of genuine drugs and medicines, shop furniture, &c. &c. which will be disposed of at wholesale or retail, for cash or a liberal credit. Prescriptions, and all orders faithfully prepared, and strictly attended to.

#### MEDICINE CHESTS.

Captains of vessels, and others, may be supplied with chests of all sizes, warranted to contain genuine medicines, with a full and sufficient printed book of medical and surgical directions.

Proper directions and advice will be given gratis to any purchasing Medicines at the above store.

N. B. The public will observe that all Medicines purchased at the Cullenian Medicine Store are warranted genuine, and of course liable to be returned.

#### YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY.

MRS. STONEHOUSE respectfully informs her friends, and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needle-work, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-street, in an airy and pleasant situation.—She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care. April 11.

#### MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich-street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual.

Dec 27.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

S O N G.

I never more shall see the swain,  
Whose long desertion now I'm mourning ;  
No, I shall ne'er see him again,  
He never more will be returning.

He's gone afar to meet the foe,  
Which causes me this grief and mourning ;  
He's gone, far distant gone, and oh,  
I fear he'll never be returning.

Perhaps some rival's won his heart,  
Perhaps he's for some other burning ;  
If it be so, adieu, we part—  
I'll never more wish thee returning.

But ah, alas ! my constant heart  
Thee to suspect the thought's now spurning ;  
For ah, it still does joy impart,  
Whene'er I think of thy returning.

In smiles, then, let my face be dress'd,  
Be banis'd far all grief and mourning,  
For see, with truest love impress,  
The charming youth is now returning.

It now will be my heart's delight,  
That heart that's with such rapture burning,  
To celebrate, from morn to night,  
The happy day of thy returning.

JANE COOK, G.

Washington City, April,

1807.

THE ASSASSIN.

The fell assassin thro' the covert steals,  
Midst fogs and darkness winds his midnight  
way ;  
His quivering lip, his sunken eye, reveals  
The treach'rous arm that's level'd at its prey.

A sudden meteor strikes his dazzled sight—  
The rolling clouds trail mournfully on high—  
The paly lightnings tremble through the night—

The awful thunders shake the vaulted sky—  
Aghast, he stands, a victim to his fears !  
His scalding tears delve furrows on his cheek ;  
The angry elements assails his ears ;  
His tongue suspended, tries in vain to speak.  
His blasted hand droops, withered e'er it falls,  
And, conscience struck, he yet for mercy calls.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MY LAST WISH ;  
Or the treachery of Blowzelinda.

Is Blowzelinda still unkind ?  
Can ought that flinty bosom move ?  
Can I no place of refuge find,  
To lay me down and die for love ?

Yet one kind glance, angelic fair !  
E'er I on pale consumption stumble ;  
For soon, bewilder'd by despair,  
This bosom will forget to grumble.

Oh, why did I such ways and means  
To win thee to my arms, employ !  
Why did I dress in blues or greens,  
To give my Blowzelinda joy !

For thee alone I cut a dash,  
And laugh'd at giddy fashion's railers ;  
For thee alone I spent my cash,  
And kept a 'score or two' of taylors.

For none in clothes, or very few,  
Like Blowzelinda could decide ;  
She chose my coat and waistcoat too,  
And inexpressibles beside.

And when in all my trammels gay,  
Thy little taper fingers dress'd me ;  
I top'd the fashion of the day,  
And every Broadway blade caress'd me.

Mirabile ! what sums I spent  
To gratify my fair one's taste !  
I ransack'd every shop for scent,  
And wash'd my skin with almond paste !

To welcome thee, with hands alert,  
I deck'd my button-holes with posies ;  
Pour'd lavender upon my shirt,  
And drench'd my head with milk of roses.

What though a thousand cooing swains  
Sung, swore and flatter'd, sigh'd and drest ;  
To please I took the greatest pains,  
And flattered, sigh'd, and awoke the best.

With every gallant I could cope,  
My wish to charm in no way slacking ;

I purchas'd pounds of violet soap,  
And pints on pints of Tice's blacking.

And if to rakin's, routs, or reels,  
The neighbours ask'd the lovely fair,  
I always followed at her heels,  
And met my Blowzelinda there ;

For oft she prais'd her Dicky's moan,  
And Dicky never dar'd to doubt her ;  
He tasted bliss with her alone,  
And nought but misery without her.

For her I strain'd my flippant tongue,  
And rattled till my lungs were sore :  
And when I spouted, play'd or sung,  
She never fail'd to cry encore.

She said, like me no wooing swain  
Could scrawl a rhyme or solve a riddle ;  
Like me could paint the lover's pain,  
Or scrape his sorrows on the fiddle.

For always with the rising day  
I tumbled out of bed betimes,  
To frame a something like a lay,  
And never heeded truth in rhymes.

Or if at morning, noon or night,  
She sported turban, cap, or bonnet,  
I mounted Pegasus outright,  
And rode full chery with a sonnet.

Each passing moment thee to please  
How would my bounding heart rejoice !  
I study'd catches, songs, and glee,  
And swallow'd eggs to clear my voice !

And when aloud that voice I rais'd,  
Which shook each table, chair and window,  
The only maid I ever prais'd  
Was blooming, blushing Blowzelinda.

For hours, days, minutes, months and years,  
I fretted, courted, pin'd, and strove ;  
I shed at least a butt of tears,  
And all for nothing but for love.

Then Blowzelinda's circling arms,  
Would oft in twining folds caress me ;  
But now she's fled with all her charms,  
And I am dish'd at last....lord bless me !

Alas ! how fruitless were my sighs !  
How rashly too I spent my pelf !  
The cheating hussey love denies,  
And, cruel leaves me to myself !

But though of almost all bereft,  
Though even hunger bids me falter,  
I'd spend that little all I've left,  
And starve to purchase thee.....a halter.

RICHARD DITTY.